



1346 m. 7/2

## The Six Stages of Man's Life Displayed.

### The FIRST STAGE.

**C**onsider man the state of infancy,  
When born into the state of misery;  
How we came crying in, as if we knew  
We had ten thousand troubles to go thro'  
The tender mother's bitter sighs and tears,  
When pain and travel fill her soul with fears  
Of death; who threatens her with killing dart,  
And yet how few do lay these things to heart.  
How soon we glory in our birth and state,  
The poor and needy vilify and hate,  
Forgetting the first day that we were born,  
We were both poor and naked and forlorn;  
Like grass we spring, then wither and decay,  
Our lives as swift as wind do pass away:  
Our pleasures are but bubbles here we see,  
The Glory of this world is Vanity.

### The SECOND STAGE.

**T**HE second Stage does some pleasure yield,  
'Tis like a Garden or a fragrant field,  
Adorn'd with pleasant Flowers to invite  
This wanton youth to pleasure and delight  
He crops a Flower here, another there,  
His heart is free from either grief or care;  
Nothing of sorrow does his soul surprize,  
I'll have my fill of pleasure here he cries.  
Scorning the father's due correcting hand,  
He often doth in disobedience stand;  
His will's his law, and this he will pursue,  
Except a spark of grace doth him subdue,  
But O young man repent, for why  
Thou can'st not tell how soon thou'lt die;  
And thy soul be hurry'd to a goal,  
Except thy dear Redeemer prove thy bail.

### The THIRD STAGE.

**B**ehold how swift our years do pass away,  
We see that time and tide for none will stay;  
For having past the first and second stage,  
The next we come to is the middle age.  
Our youthful blossom's now almost declin'd,  
And some are then for actions most refin'd,  
Others for luxury and some for wars,  
Whereby they often do receive sad scars.  
Delighting to behold the watery flood,  
Mingled with crimson and with mortals blood;  
And glory in the conquest of the field,  
When as the enemy is forc'd to yield.  
But mortal blood, if thou such courage hath,  
Learn now in time to fight the fight of faith.  
Make war against thy lusts, and them subdue,  
The pride of life, and loose affections too.

### The FOURTH STAGE.

**L**ike clock-work man's minutes quickly pass,  
Or like the sand that's running in the glass;  
Until they do to fifty years arrive,  
Then like the subtle Fox he will contrive,  
By policy his foes to circumvent,  
Because he finds his strength is almost spent.  
So that he cannot conquer them by force,  
And therefore now he takes the other course.  
This is the crafty subtle mind of age,  
But let men strive such malice to assuage;  
To friend or enemy they love afford,  
For fear the Lord in anger draw his sword.  
For who is he that able is to stand  
Against the force of God's avenging hand?  
O there is none, and therefore let us be  
Endu'd with grace, with love, and unity.

### The FIFTH STAGE.

**M**AN's taper's almost spent, his Joy is fled,  
Grey hairs adorn his aged hoary head;  
'Tis now high time to think upon a grave,  
For in this life we little comfort have.  
Yet many aged will for life contrive,  
Altho' alas! they are not half alive;  
And grasp the world for riches eagerly,  
As if they were to live and never die.  
But why should aged men, just threescore,  
Their bags of gold and silver thus adore;  
Forbear to cram thy coffers full of pelf,  
Remember thou must fill a grave thyself.  
Then what avails thy gold and silver bright,  
When thy poor soul shall take its hasty flight  
From this vain world into eternity,  
To the place of bliss, or endless misery.

### The LAST STAGE.

**T**HOU that wast once the pride of Christen-  
Behold a period of thy glory's come. (dom,  
Tell me where is thy fading honour now?  
What is become of thy majestic brow?  
Thou who didst once command the sea and land,  
And like a tower or a castle stand,  
Thy weak foundation now that cast not trust,  
One crutch supports thy feeble body first.  
And after this we must two crutches have,  
to help you nearer to the silent grave;  
Which is the portion for the sons of men,  
Behold you are full threescore years and ten.  
If to fourscore you live, your care and grief  
Will daily be to seek for some relief;  
If to an hundred thy glass should run.  
Say, Lord receive thy humble patient son.